The Weekly Museum.

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EDWARD AND MATILDA.

E'n love itself is bitterness of soul,
A penſive anguiſh pining at the heart;
Or, ſunk to fordid int'reſt, feels no more
That noble wiſh, that never-cloy'd deſire,
Which, teſtiſh joy diſdaining, ſeeks alone
To bleſs the dearer object of it's flame.

THOMSON.

AT the age of twenty-two, Mrs. Falkland being left a widow, with an only daughter, retired into the country, that ſhe might devote her future life to the education of her Matilda; an employ ſhe was well qualified to undertake, as ſhe joined to the accompliſhed lady a well improved mind, and an elegant underſtanding.

Under the tuition of ſuch a mother, Matilda made a rapid progreſs in every branch of uſeful and ornamental knowledge; but unhappily for her, Mrs. Falkland was determined to raiſe the declining fortunes of her family by a profitable marriage.

The beauty and accompliſhments of Matilda, who had now reached her ſeventeenth year, were the topic of converſation among all the neighboring gentleman, and many offered themſeves as canditates for her affection. In this number was Edward Stanley, the only ſon of a gentleman who lived near the mother of Matilda. He poſſeſſed a fortune ſufficiently above the reach of want; was handſome in figure, and elegant in addreſs. Theſe however, were his leaſt important qualities—his temper was open and generous; his mind well ſtored with uſeful learning, and gifted with every virtue that dignifies the nature of man. He had long admired Matilda. There ſeemed to be, in her, a mind above "the level of the vulgar great." She had alſo been an attentive obſerver of Edward; and diſcovered in him, a diſpoſition, and education, much ſuperior to that of any other gentleman. Mr. Stanley was, what every country gentleman ſhould be, a man of real ſenſe and ſound morals. He had beſtowed the greateſt care in educating his ſon, and had the abundant ſatisfaction to ſee the bleſſing of Heaven attend his endeavor. He often admired the great underſtanding of Mrs. Falkland, and the amiable character of her daughter; as perſons poſſeſſed of far more ſenſe and accompliſhments, than many to whom Providence had given abundance of wealth, and beſtowed greater means of improvement. He had commenced an acquaintance with Mrs. Falkland; and it was at theſe little interviews the flame of love caught the heart of Edward. He was no longer the ſame; the roſe of health, which before bloomed in his countenance, forſook his cheek; he was never happy, but in the company of Matilda. She ſaw the anguiſh which diſtracted his heart, and often the tear of pity ſtole down her cheek when converſing with him. But ſhe knew her mother's determination; and reflected that, by encouraging a hopeleſs attachment, ſhe would only bring miſery on both. She revealed to her mother the ſituation of Edward; and deſired, as the only remedy, ſhe might be ſent to London, to try whether abſence would not obliterate her from his mind.

The departure of Matilda was carefully concealed from Edward. After waiting three days, in hopes of ſeeing her, his anxiety could no longer be ſuſtained. He ventured to enquire whether ſhe was gone; and could ill conceal his agitation, at the information. "To London!" ſaid he; "and when will ſhe return?"—Not theſe two months," replied Mrs. Falkland. "Two months!" exclaimed Edward, and ruſhed out of the room.

He begged of his father to let him go to London for a few days. Mr. Stanley would have granted any thing elſe. "No, my dear Edward," ſaid he; "I cannot conſent you ſhould mix in thoſe ſcenes of riot and diſſipation with which that city abounds, without a proper guide to ſteer your courſe. I intend ſhortly to go thither myſelf, and you may accompany me." Edward thanked his father, with a heavy heart; who never gueſſed the reaſon of his ſon's demand.

Matilda returned; and he embraced the earlieſt opportunity of paying his reſpects. She received him with ſuch indifference, as ſhot a dagger thro his heart. He parted from her nearly in a ſtate of madneſs; ſleep fled his pillow, and he ſpent the night almoſt bordering on deſpair.

But the enſuing day fully explained the fatal cauſe of her behavior. An elegant carriage, with four horſes appeared at Mrs. Falkland's door, accompanied with a proportionable number of attendants in ſplendid liveries. Lord Oglethorpe was uſhered in, as the lover of Matilda.

Edward ſcarcely believed what he ſaw. He took particular care to review his lordſhip, as he entered his coach, and gave him a look of merited contempt: his lordſhip was the very eſſence of a *modern beau*—too fine to be a man.

During a month, Lord Oglethorpe paid the greateſt attention to Matilda; he then ſolicited her hand. Mrs. Falkland, elated to the very pinnacle of imaginary bliſs, would now hardly own acquaintance with Mr. Stanley; who foreſaw, with infinite concern, the ruin of her daughter. But all his friendly cautions were treated with diſdain.

At length, the day was fixed; when Matilda, by marrying a nobleman, would crown the height of her mother's ambition.

Edward had been diligent to gain every information concerning Lord Oglethorpe; and the arrival of a gentleman from London, who came on a viſit to his father, afforded an opportunity.

Mr. Melville was the ſon of an eminent merchant in the city; a youth of a virtuous mind, and liberal education: by him he learned, that his lordſhip poſſeſſed a plentiful portion of riches; and this was all, for he had neither underſtanding or virtue. Edward perceived, in the mind of Melville, a congeniality of ſentiments with his own, and determined to make him the friend of his youth. He related to him the whole of his love for Matilda, and her intended union with Lord Oglethorpe; then aſked his advice concerning his future conduct.

Mr. Melville adviſed him to go ſome diſtance from home, during the nuptials, as the ſpectacle would be too painful for his feelings: but firſt to obtain an interview with Matilda, and know how far her inclinations were in uniſon with her intended marriage. If he ſhould find it impoſſible to ſee her before he departed, to write a letter, which he would engage ſhe ſhould receive.

Edward uſed every means in his power to gain admiſſion to Matilda. Finding all his efforts vain, he wrote the following letter—

"I AM about to leave my father's houſe, to avoid a ſight of all others the moſt dreadful to me. What can you think! Surely, the elegant mind of Matilda can never be dazzled by the trappings of wealth and ſplendour! Can you ever eſteem a man deſtitute of every quality that adorns the human mind? or is it the falſe ambition of a mother, who would barter her daughter's happineſs for wealth, and a title? You may never ſee me more! I have loved you tenderly. But, alas! who could behold ſuch a mind, ſuch a form, and not fall a martyr to their charms! Let the tear of pity ſolace him, who can never ceaſe to love you.

"EDWARD STANLEY."

He left this letter with his friend; who faithfully delivered it to Matilda, the morning preceding her nuptials. The unauſpicious morn now arrived, when Matilda was to fall a victim to her mother's power. The ceremony was performed by his lordſhip's chaplain, at her mother's houſe; after which, they departed to a houſe belonging to a relation of Lord Oglethorpe's, ſome miles farther in the country.

Three weeks paſſed, with all apparent happineſs; when, one morning, his lordſhip, promiſing a ſpeedy return. A week had elapſed, in the greateſt anxiety, when Matilda received the following letter—

"I WILL no longer keep you in ſuſpenſe—You are not my wife! The perſon who performed the marriage ceremony was not a clergyman, but hired to fulfil that office. I was aſtoniſhed that you could believe my intentions ſerious, or ſuppoſe a nobleman would marry a girl whoſe only portion was her merit. The perſon at whoſe houſe you are, is no relation of mine. If you will conſent to live with me a *life of honor*, every advantage love and riches can afford are yours.

"OGLETHORPE."

"O! what a wretch!" ſaid ſhe, after reading the letter; and ſunk almoſt lifeleſs on the floor. At this moment a ſervant entered the room, to inform her that a gentleman wiſhed to ſee her. The notice was ſcarcely delivered, when Edward appeared. At the ſight of him, ſhe ſhrieked violently—"Merciful Father!" cried Edward, "what diſaſter is this!" She could make no reply, but gave him the letter. Infamous villain! his life ſhall pay the debt of juſtice, and revenge!—Take particular care of that lady," ſaid he, to the ſervants; "I will reward you."

In a few hours ſhe recovered, ſufficiently to proceed to her mother's; but waited at Mr Stanley's, while Edward unfolded the dreadful ſcene to Mrs. Falkland. "Good God!" exclaimed her mother, "Matilda ruined! The crime is mine. It was my miſerable pride that has cauſed

this; and the remaining days of life will now be "few and evil!" But where is my unhappy daughter?"—"Be comforted," replied Edward; "she is at my father's. I will bring her immediately."

The interview was too affecting for words to describe. "Generous youth," said Matilda, your services I never can repay: if I had loved you as much as your merit demanded, I had never seen this day!"—"You must forget," said Edward, "that there is such a wretch as your seducer in being; he will meet his punishment."

When he returned home, he wrote as follows to Lord Oglethorpe—

"BASE, and unmanly wretch! think not that you shall triumph over seduced innocence; or that your elevated rank in life, which only serves to make you more despicable, shall secure you from the arm of justice. I command you to meet me next Thursday, provided with a brace of pistols. The bearer will settle time and place.

"EDWARD STANLEY."

Lord Oglethorpe returned the following answer:

"YOUR challenge is accepted, tho I despise the giver: but let this convince you, that I am not so unmanly as you amagine.

"OGLETHORPE."

[To be concluded in our next.]

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Mr Harrison,

IN your paper of last week I observed a communication stiled "THEATRICAL HUMBUG"---endeavoring, like a snake in the grass, to wound the reputation and character of a respectable person. He begins with "Melocosmiotes---a new species of Entertainment;" here he insinuates that it "would have been better stiled NO SPECIES of entertainment"---This fully shews the narrow creature's ignorance! Did not Mr CHALMERS (against whom he is so inveterate) bring this forward in order to gratify the audiance at large, as well as for his own interest? Did he not, in as public a manner as possible, make known what this entertainment would consist of? Did he not receive that share of public patronage to which he was entitled? Did he not bear the almost insupportable insults which were repeatedly offered him, with the greatest coolness? And did not the greater part of the audience give him that applause which he undoubtedly deserved? If your correspondent will answer these questions, and give his reasons why he supposes Mr CHALMERS ROBBED the audience, I would be infinitely obliged to him; if he does not, I shall ever think his meanness unexceptionable.

New-York, March 26, 1798. THEATRICUS.

ANECDOTE.

THE Duke de Villa Real had a mistress whom he adored, and a wife to whom he was more than indifferent. The mistress was young and tender; the Dutchess had ceased to be one, and had never been the other. One evening the mistress insulted the Dutchess at the comedy; the audience resented it. The favorite called upon the Duke for protection---the Duke turned her out of the box by the shoulders, telling her he would never forgive any one for wanting respect to his wife; and that whatever might be his follies, he had not that of preferring any thing in a woman to her virtue? The story is true, and we recommend it TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ANSWER TO THE QUERY, SIGNED J. B.

Inserted in the Museum of the 17th inst.

THE widow was aunt to the man that married her daughter, and cousin to the husband; the uncle was son to the widow, and uncle to the man and wife's two children, and cousin to the husband; the children were grand children to the widow. To make up the compliment of cousins, the widow was aunt to the other cousin, and he cousin to the man, wife, son and uncle---and the whole number is 7.

SPRING.

NOW Spring, soft leader of the year,
Begins to urge its gay career;
Far from the Ram the sun withdraws his beams,
And breezy Taurus sweeps the crystal streams.
The op'ning landscape bursts upon the sight,
With new-born blushes and with orient light:
The misty vapours melt in air,
And show the heav'ns serene and fair;
Or if not fair, across the skies
The flicker'd clouds illumin'd rise;
And, as the masses wide unfold,
The edges are all tipt with gold.

Where banks meand'ring breast th' opposing tide,
And the full river into arms divide,
We see with pleasure ev'ry ray
Now tremulous on the waters play,
And into ev'ry dimpling lapse infuse
A gem of modest, or translucent hues;
A pearl---if sun beams shall refuse to shine;
A di'mond---if they dart their rays divine.

The cuckoo now with double note,
(Which soon the child attains by rote)
Monotonous, incumbent sails,
And slowly cuts the balmy gales
With languid wing; nor is she seen to rest
Upon her own, but on another's nest,
Ah! too much like this cruel bird,
Is the unfeeling wretch preferr'd
From poverty to wealth and pow'r,
But gratitude's a fleeting flow'r;
For soon the mean unthankful scout
Will enter in and turn him out,
Whose doors were seen but lately to unfold,
To screne his wants from famine, and from cold.

EXTRACT FROM COLIN AND LUCY.

A FRAGMENT.

The forsaken Lucy is represented lamenting the inconstancy of her faithless Colin, on the border of the Thames, near Richmond. In the midst of her complaint she observes her own figure in the water, and thus pathetically addresses the phantom.

"THERE! there! is it Lucy I see?
'Tis Lucy, the lost, undone maid!
Ah! no, 'tis some Lucy like me,
Some hapless young virgin betray'd,

Like me, she has sorrow'd and wept;
Like me she has fondly believ'd;
Like me her true promise she kept,
And like me too, is justly deceiv'd.

I come, dear companion in grief!
Gay scenes and fond pleasures adieu!
I come, and we'll gather relief
From bosoms so chaste and so true.

Ye meadows so lovely, farewel!
Your velvet still Colin shall tread,
All deaf to the sound of that knell,
Which tolls for his Lucy when dead!"

Scarce echo had gather'd the sound,
But she plung'd from her grass springing bed;
The liquid stream parts to the ground;
And the mirror clos'd over her head.

AN EXCELLENT REMIDY FOR THE POISON OF LOVE.

YOU must open the vein of consideration, and let out the blood of immediate affection, then make use of the following directions.---Take the blossoms of sound judgment, one handful; five handfuls of Patience; one handful of the root of Understanding; 12 ounces of Resolution, Prudence and Distinction, two ounces of Dislike and resentment. Let them simmer together in your brains 48 hours; then sweeten the close of the former remembrance with the sugar of good behavior, and pour it thro' the funnel of Contentment into the heart, and stop it with the cork of indifference.---Take a glassful in the morning in a glass of water and the like quantity in the evening in a glass of wine.

NB. The Ingredients are to be had at the house of Resolution, next door to Reason, in Content-street, in the town of Faith, in the county of Hope, and the province of Truth.

MATILDA.

MOURNFUL as the murmuring of the waving willow, when, ruffled by the approaching storm destined to trouble the eve of an expiring autumn, it bends its pensive branches over the dewy grave of some love lorn maiden;---alike mournful rose the sigh of the sorrow-stricken Matilda---abandoned by her friends, and abandoned by her cruel seducer. Forlorn she sat on her mossy stone Spring smiled upon her hopes; Summer nursed her doubts; Autumn witnessed her anguish; and Winter was just advancing to close the eventful year on her despair and death.

"Where, where," she exclaimed, "where is the perfidious man who has robbed my youth of its peace, my mind of its innocence, my once fair fame of its honor, my tortured brain of its reason?----Where is the perjured Edward, who this fatal morning trod this church-yard path? In the sacred temple, and at the still more sacred altar, he has insulted his God by staining the sanctuary with unhallowed vows;---vows not his own to give;---vows torn from my bleeding heart, where he once bade me lodge them!----Ah, wretch! he has stolen the deposit, and left the poor cabinet vacant and in ruin! But the thunders of heaven will not sleep; injustice will be visited by vengeance: and the death of Matilda will not pass unmarked in the dreadful record of insulted innocence."

She spake;---and, beneath the almost leafless branches of a withering tree, shrunk from the drenching rain. The dawn at length arose; the advancing sun dispersed the clouds, and gave useful splendor to the tears of Matilda! rushing from her heart, they fell undistinguished among the gems of the morning.

While life animates the form, tho' sorrow dims the cheek, and sinks the eye, the beams of the East will play upon the heart, chasing for a moment at least, the dark anguish of the troubled bosom.---Matilda raised her eyes, and blessed the reviving rays. She wandered to a mouldering ruin, which lent its gloomy dignity to an embowering grove. There resided the Genius of Solitude, the fair friend of virtue, the gentle reclaimer from error, the scourge of vice. The high arched windows, ivy-fringed and time-decayed, were partially illumined, giving a sombre glory to the whole.---"Power Supreme," said the wandering Matilda, "let me in this interval of reason confess the justice of my punishment: let me bless that goodness which has preserved me---amidst all the cruelties I have experienced from an offended father---from impiously arraigning thy goodness! The comfortable radiance darting from the heavens to cheer the inhabitants of the earth, revive my drooping frame. Thy hope revisits the chambers of my heart, and prompts me to seek the mansion of a recollected friend, who may not, as a parent has done, deny shelter and food to a wandering penitent.

Matilda, not yet seventeen, was the only child of a once fond parent. Indulged in every wish and flattered into vanity, her gay heart panted after the pleasures of a dissipated world. But who shall swim in the streams of human felicity, and escape the surrounding rocks of destruction? Adulation enervates virtue. Many were the admirers of Matilda: she listened, believing all they said; but Edward alone touched her heart.---High birth and princely fortune swelled the bosom of his father. Though enamoured of Matilda's charms, the ambition of Edward checked the generous impulses of love. He played upon a heart already too much in his power: he protested his truth, and made a sacred promise. Could Matilda think evil of the man she adored? Her own mind pure and unsullied, could she meanly doubt the purity of his? Alas! she gave her faith, and became the victim of seduction.

Convinced too late of Edward's perfidy she disclosed to her father the dreadful secret. He turned with horror from his child; and in proportion to the degree with which he before idolized her, his resentment was kindled against her. Such are the transitions of affection founded on caprice rather than on principle.

The ill-fated Matilda leaves an important memento to injudicious parents:---Let no child taste even the innocent felicities of dissipation, till RELIGION has fortified the heart, and rendered it invulnerable to every charm of every unlicensed pleasure.

A COMPLAINT AGAINST TIME.

WHY, envious Time, will you now fly so fast?
When I'm from her you never make such haste;
When I'm with her, then hours but minutes are,
But when from her, then ev'ry hour's a year.
You have no rule, you have no equal go,
But always are too fast, or else too slow.

SATURDAY, *March* 31, 1798.

THE Preſident, by a Proclamation, has recommended WEDNESDAY the NINTH DAY of MAY next, to be obſerved throughout the United States, as a day of Solemn Humiliation, Faſting, and Prayer.

The law of the Corporation, to enforce the removal of Nuiſance, muſt afford pleaſure to thoſe citizens who regard the health and proſperity of this city. It is hoped no reluctance in complying with the law will be obſervable, that the diſagreeable alternatives therein mentioned may be prevented.

The very great attention of our Health Commiſſioners, in conjuction with the Corporation, has, and doubtleſs will have the deſired effect; and claims, and we hope, receives the hearty approbation and thanks of their fellow citizens.

We know the duties naturally devolving upon our Commiſſioners, are arduous; but, we are ſure alſo, that they have been, and will be ſurmounted by their perſevering attention. While no reluctance on their part is diſcovered, it would be next to criminality in the citizens to withhold their aid in thoſe meaſures ſo admirably calculated to avert---what? why, that worſt of enemies---THE YELLOW FEVER.

The following Reſolutions were moved in the Senate of the United States on Monday laſt; and the firſt was on Thurſday negatived 22 to 4.

"Reſolved, That it is expedient to lay an Embargo for a limitted time, on all ſhips and veſſels owned wholly or in part by citizens of the United States, other than ſhips or veſſels employed ſolely in the fiſheries or coaſting trade; and that theſe be regulated in their reſpective voyages conſiſtent with their ſafety and a ſtate of neutrality

"Reſolved, That is expedient to complete the fortifications of the ports and harbors of the United States, and effectually to garriſon the ſame.

"Reſolved, That it is expedient to raiſe a proviſional army, to be employed when neceſſary for internal ſecurity and defence.

"Reſolved, That it is expedient to provide for ſupplying any deficiency exiſting or ariſing in the arms and military ſtores of the United States.

"And Reſolved, That the foregoing reſolutions be referred to the committee to whom was referred the Preſident's meſſage of the 19th inſt. as inſtructions to the ſaid committee to prepare and report bills correſponding with the ſaid reſolutions, and in the ſame order in which they ſtand."

Captain Fitch, who arrived here on Wedneſday from Havre-de-Grace, left that place on the 5th ult.

By this arrival we are verbally informed that the French ſtill ſhew a ſerious deſign of invading England, as gunboats to the number of 40 have been built at Havre, and more building, which are to be manned and manœuvred agreeably to Tom Paine's plan, each carrying 100 men, and a cannon, which cannon, by ſome machinery, is to be launched on ſhore in a moment. The experiment has been made, and we are told, anſwers ſo well, that the Frenchmen ſay they are "SURE of ENGLAND."

We hear nothing of Buonaparte's diſaffection; but it is ſaid, "HE is the ONLY ONE capable of introducing the army of England to his Britannic Majeſty."

The following account of an attempt to poiſon Buonaparte has appeared in a Pariſian Journal.

"A woman ſent to inform him that a plan was laid to take him off by poiſon. He cauſed the bearer of the intelligence to be arreſted; and, accompanied by the Juſtices of Peace, went to the woman's houſe who had ſent the meſſenger. She was extended on the floor, covered with blood. She had been ſtrangled by ſome perſons whoſe converſation ſhe had overheard. She had alſo received ſeveral wounds. She is in a deſperate way; but every intelligence that can as yet be collected from her bears the mark of truth,"

A letter from Charleſtown, March 19, ſays, "A few days ago we had a great FIRE, which conſumed twelve houſes. It began in King-ſtreet.

A report was current at Malaga, about the beginning of February, that the Moors and Algerines were at war.

EXPLOSION.

A gentleman from the Havannah informs, that a ſhort time previous to his leaving that place, the following unfortunate accident happened.

A perſon who dealt in gunpowder, being engaged ſerving out a quantity of that article to a cuſtomer, it is ſuppoſed with a lighted ſegar in his mouth, a ſpark of which muſt have dropped into the gunpowder, of which there was more than 1000 wt. as the houſe was blown up in an inſtant, with every perſon in it: conſiderable damage was done to the adjoining buildings, and about twenty perſons loſt their lives; two young ladies who were riding in a carriage by the houſe at the moment the misfortune occurred, were blown in the air, and not a viſtage of them, their horſes, or carriage were afterwards to be found.

GOLDEN CAPTURE.

The Britiſh 74, Valliant, was ſpoke with Feb. 23, juſt through the Gulph. She was in company with 7 other ſhips of war. They had captured the Spaniſh fleet from Le Vera Cruz.

[By the James from France.]

Intelligence from Vienna announces that the king of Pruſſia appears to aſſent entirely to the propoſed arrangements in Germany.

On the 29th of January Venice was evacuated entirely by the French under General Serrurier.

The legiſlative body of the Ligurian republic was inſtalled. Some of the members are already "accuſed of a moderaniſm, very different from moderation!"

An article from Bologne ſays, that the French were advancing towards Rome in two columns. One had arrived at Tolentino; the other at Penigia, where they had planted a liberty pole. The Duchy of Urbino is ſaid to be revolutionized.

The inſurrection in Corſica was entirely appeaſed.

The Directory have reſtored General Kellerman to his rank and ſtation, and charged him with the new organization of the cavalry.

An order has been given by the French government to conſtruct at Dunkirk 60 ſloops for carrying cannon for the deſcent into England. The French, it is ſaid, are diſciplining their troops to teach them the art of diſembarking. They ſend out companies of them in boats, bearing their arms and knapſacks, to return and land on their own ſhores, to make the practice familiar.

Yeſterday morning two black women were committed to the gaol of this city, charged with having, in company with others not yet taken, murdered Maria Green, a white woman, who occupied a cellar belonging to Mr Murray, in St. James-Street, in the night of Thurſday laſt.

MORTALITY.

AH! why ſhould Death alarm the ſoul
Who with its Maker is at peace;
His ſmiles may ſure its fears controul
Whoſe guilt exceeds not ſovereign grace.

DIED,

On Friday the 23d inſtant, of a conſumption, Mrs. M'CARTY, wife of Mr Charles M'Carty.

Saturday, very ſuddenly, in conſequence of a wound he received in his foot from a nail, which brought on a lock'd jaw, Capt. JOHN STAKES, a brave and gallant officer in the late American army.

Great reſpect was paid to his remains on Sunday afternoon, by the members of the Cincinnati, the militia, and citizens of this city. The proceſſion was headed by the detachment directed to do the funeral honors, commanded by Capt. Hulett, arms reverſed---the corpſe next followed---the pall ſupported by Gen. Clarkſon, Gen. Hughes, the Mayor, Col. Fiſh, Col. Giles, Col. Morton, Col. Stediford, and Col. Swartwout. On the coffin were placed the dragoon cap, ſword and piſtols of the deceaſed. Then ſucceeded the mourners of his family---the Cincinnati as mourners---next a numerous body of reſpectable citizens, which laſt were ſucceeded by the officers of the militia. It commenced from his houſe in William-ſtreet, to Beekman-ſtreet, up Beekman-ſtreet to Broad-way, down Broad way to Cedar-ſtreet, and thence thro Cedar-ſtreet to the New Dutch Church yard, where he was interred with military honors. The whole was conducted with great propriety, and does much credit to the gentlemen who direct the execution of it. In the death of Capt. Stakes his family have loſt an affectionate protector, and his country a GALLANT DEFENDER.

COURT of HYMEN.

HOW vain is it in vice to perſevere,
And ſhun the precepts of abounding love,
Since Virtue yields the choiceſt pleaſure here,
And will henceforth in endleſs raptures move.

MARRIED

On Saturday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. JOHN H. HURTIN, merchant, to Miſs CORNELIA PAINE, both of this city.

Same evening, at Beaver Pond, by the Rev. Mr Rattoon, Mr WILLIAM RICHARDSON, to Miſs BARDIN, daughter of Edward Bardin, Eſq. of Beaver Hill.

On Tueſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. JOHN MATHESON, to Mrs. CATHARINE GRAY.

Laſt evening, by the Rev. Mr. Wells, Mr ROBERT STEWART, to Miſs ABIGAIL CRANE, both of this city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE "BEDS OF JUSTICE," from the Life and Opinions of Triſtram Shandy, written by Laurence Sterne, D. D. ſent us by an obliging correſpondent, tho written by our favorite author, "Poor Yorick," is ſo replete with DOUBLE ENTONDRES, as to render it inadmiſable; for ſhould it be inſerted we fear a fate ſimilar to that the reader of his tale of Le Fevre experienced a few nights ſince: tho we may not be hiſſed or thrown at, we may have ſuch a number of names eraſed from our ſubſcription liſt, as to materially injure our BENEFIT. The admirers of Sterne have read this ſo often, that it will be to them an OLD tale NEW told; thoſe unacquainted with his writings will neither comprehend its beauties or witticiſms.------"THEATRICUS," in anſwer to a communication inſerted in our laſt, impartiality compels an inſertion; we wiſh no further controverſy on the ſubject. Several communications are received, ſome of which are condemned, and others only wait room for inſertion.

NEW THEATRE.

THIS EVENING WILL BE PRESENTED

A Play, in 3 acts, interſperſed with Songs, Duets, Choruſſes, called,

ZORINSKI;
Or, Freedom to the Slaves.

Written by the Author of the Way to get Married, Children in the Wood, Cure for the Heart Ache, &c. and performed in London with the moſt unbounded applauſe. Muſic by Dr Arnold, Accompaniments by Pelſier. With New Scenery and Dreſſes.

Zorinſki,		Mr Cooper,
Rodomſko,		Mr Hallam,
Caſſimer,	(King of Poland)	Mr Tyler,
Radzano,		Mr Martin,
Witzki,		Mr Simpſon,
O'Currah,		Mr Williamſon,
Amalekite,		Mr Prigmore,
Naclo,		Mr Fawcett,
Lords,	Meſſrs Woolls, Miller, Hogg, &c.	
Slaves,	Meſſrs Leonard, M'Knight, &c.	
Miners,	Meſſrs Lee, Roberts, &c.	
Soldiers,	Meſſrs Seymour, Stephens, &c.	
And, Zarno,		Mr Hodgkinſon,
Winnefred,		Mrs Hodgkinſon,
Rachel,		Miſs E. Weſtray,

Female Slaves,

Mrs Seymour, Mrs King, Miſs Brett, Miſs Harding, Mrs Collins,
And, Roſolie, Mrs Johnſon,

To which will be added,

A Muſical Entertainment, called, The

HIGHLAND REEL.

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

TO LET,

A Two Story Houſe, ſituate in Rutgers ſtreet, containing 8 fire places. The houſe has a new brick front, with a convenient back building, a good yard, ciſtern, and other conveniences. Enquire of Mrs Grant, corner of Rutgers-ſtreet. 9--tf.

COURT of APOLLO.

THE GRAPE.

A SONG.

BY PETER QUINCE, ESQ.

COME hither, ye ſons of good cheer ;
Come hither, and taſte of my grape ;
'Twill make you old Bacchus revere,
And the plagues of reflection eſcape.

It grew on the mountain of joy,
Was pluck'd by a foe to dull care ;
Its juice can ill nature deſtroy,
And light up the brow of deſpair.

To youth it gives pleaſure divine,
Throws a flush on the pallideſt cheek ;
The ſweeteſt ſenſations combine,
And makes even dumbneſs to ſpeak.

In age it awakens deſire,
For ſcenes of the pureſt delight ;
Fans to flame lovely Venus's fire,
And ſcatters the darkneſs of night.

Let the Hermit reſide in his cave,
And ſquint at the ſtars as they RISE,
My GRAPE will from ſolitude ſave,
And ſpangle with ſtars all your eyes.

Cheer up---then---ye heavy of heart,
Your ſadneſs and ſorrow forbear ;
Of MY GRAPE, I'll give you a part,
And diſpell all your ſorrow and care.

Come---taſte it---for time hurries on ;
Death rattles his bones at your door,
And the moment will ſhortly be gone,
When MY GRAPE you can taſte of no more.

AN ODD LETTER FROM A TAILOR TO HIS SWEETHEART.

REMNANT OF MY HOPE,

MAY I be RIPT from the BORDERS of your eſteem, and never be BUTTONED to the LOOPS of your kindneſs, but I am STAYED to the HEM of your beauty ---or have a THIMBLE full of your favor, but you have ſo far ENTANGLED the THREAD of my underſtanding, with your pretty little OUT-SIDE, that were I within a YARD of you, I ſhould be very ſoon deprived of my working faculties, I love you without MEASURE, and yet it is ſo hard to CABBAGE one ſweet look from you, that I am in diſpair of having it in my power to FINISH my SUIT. Let not the ſhears of contempt, cut the THREAD of deſire which BURNS through every QUARTER of me, but PRESS me to the NOTCH-BOARD of your beauty as the GARMENT embraces the LAP-BOARD---Ods BODKINS, I am ſurely yours every NAIL of me; wherever you go my NORTH and my NEEDLE follow you---BLUNT not, therefore, the POINT of my endeavor, but allow me to RAFFLE myſelf to your kindneſs, that I may be STITCHED the tighter to you affection. Put a favorable CONSTRUCTION on the above, for which I will ever ſit CROSS-LEGGED, a GOOSE ſhall ever be at the ſire for my deareſt little FLOUNCER ; and am alway Your's

STAYTAPE BUCKRAM.

ANECDOTE.

IN one of the ſhips that returned from the Weſt-Indies with the ſick troops, ſo many died every day as to continually employ ſeveral of the ſailors in ſewing them up in ſacks, and heaving them overboard. An Iriſhman, being rather clumſy, ran the needle into the noſe of one of the ſick men, who inſtantly called out, "I'm alive, I'm alive!" "By J---," replied the other, "that's nothing to me, you're DEAD UPON THE PURSER'S BOOKS."

MORALIST.

THE ECONOMY OF LIFE.

BOW down your heads unto the duſt O ye inhabitants of earth! be ſilent, and receive, with reverence, inſtruction from on high---------Whereſoever the ſun doth, ſhine whereſoever there is an ear to hear, and a mind to conceive, there let the precepts of life be made known ; let the maxims of truth be honored and obeyed.---------All things proceed from GOD. His power is unbounded.--- His wiſdom is from eternity---and his goodneſs endureth forever.---He ſiteth on his throne in the centre---and the breath of his mouth giveth life to the world.-----He toucheth the ſtars with his finger, and they run their courſe rejoicing.---On the wings of the wind he walketh abroad, and performeth his will through all the regions of unlimited ſpace. --Order, and grace, and beauty ſpring from his hand.---The voice of wiſdom ſpeaketh in all his works ; but the human underſtanding comprehendeth it not.---The ſhadow of knowledge paſſeth over the mind of man as a dream ; he ſeeth as in the dark; he reaſoneth, and is deceived -----But the wiſdom of GOD is as the light of heaven ; he reaſoneth not---his mind is the fountain of truth, ------Juſtice and mercy waits before his throne ; benevolence and love enlighten his countenance forever.------ Who is like unto the Lord in glory? Who in power ſhall contend with the Almighty? Hath he any equal in wiſdom? Can any goodneſs be compared unto him?---He it is, O man, who hath created thee---thy ſtation on earth is fixed by his appointment; The powers of thy mind are the gifts of his goodneſs: The wonders of thy frame are the work of his hand.---------Hear then his voice, for it is gracious---and he that obeyeth ſhall eſtabliſh his ſoul in peace.

D. GREENWOOD, Surgeon Dentiſt,
No. 14 Veſey Street, oppoſite St. Paul's Church Yard,

PERFORMS every operation incident to the Teeth and Gums : he tranſplants and grafts natural teeth, likewiſe makes and fixes artificial teeth without the leaſt pain, ſome of which are of a peculiar kind, the enamel being ſo hard as to produce fire when ſtruck with ſteel, and is as beautiful as that upon the human teeth.

Dr. GREENWOOD has a particular way of cleaning the teeth that does not give the leaſt pain, and at the ſame time he gives the teeth a beautiful poliſh and whiteneſs, with directions, which, if followed, will keep them white, ſound, and free from pain during life.

PRICES AS FOLLOWS :

Tranſplants teeth 3 guineas each ; grafts natural teeth from 2 to 4 dollars each ; artificial teeth from 1 dollar to 2 1-2 each ; cleanſes and files the teeth from 1 to 3 dollars each perſon.

NB. As there is many a good ſet of teeth neglected and ruined for the want only of proper directions to preſerve them, Dr. GREENWOOD will for the benefit of thoſe who chuſe to apply, give his advice gratis, and at the ſame time point out the cauſe of their decay in ſo plain a manner that a child of ſix years of age may comprehend it, and by that means induce them to remove the millions of creatures which are every moment helping to deſtroy both the teeth and gums. To convince thoſe who may doubt the operator will ſhew thoſe Animalcules as repreſented by the famous George Adams in his Micographia Illuſtrata, &c.

No. 14 Veſey ſtreet, oppoſite St. Paul's Church Yard.
March 3. 05 8t

JOHN VANDER POOL,
Sign Painter, Gilder, &c.
No. 75, Pearl-Street, fronting Coenties-Slip.

HAS for ſale, Window glaſs and Putty, a general aſſortment of PAINTS, Linſeed Oil, Paint Bruſhes, Limners Tools Gold and Silver Leaf, with a great variety of Camel's Hair Pencils, cheap for Caſh, or approved notes.
Aug. 6 23---tf.

FOR SALE,

A ſprightly Negro Wench, 16 years of age ; has had the ſmall pox and meaſles; very handy, and fond of children---ſold for no fault. Loweſt price £60. Enquire of the Printer. March 6, 1798. 6---tf.

BY order of the hon. Robert R. Livingſton, Eſq chancellor of the ſtate of New-York, upon the petition of Samuel Allen, an inſolvent debtor, in conjunction with ſo many of his creditors as have debts bona fide owing to them by the ſaid Samuel Allen, amounting at leaſt to three fourths of all the monies owing by the ſaid Samuel Allen. All the creditors of the ſaid Samuel Allen are hereby required to ſhew cauſe, if any they have, before the ſaid chancellor by the laſt Thurſday in April next, at his dwelling houſe in the city of New-York, why an aſſignment of the ſaid Samuel Allen's eſtate ſhould not be made for the benefit of all his creditors, and the ſaid Samuel Allen diſcharged, according to an act of the legiſlature of the ſtate of New-York, intitled, "An act for giving relief in caſes of inſolvency," paſſed 21ſt March, 1788. Dated this 7th day of March, 1798. SAMUEL ALLEN.
Abel Buckley and John N. Kerſhaw, two petitioning creditors. c6----6t

At H. Caritat's Circulating Library,
PEARL STREET, NO. 93.

WILL be ſold this morning, at one ſhilling a piece, the new Catalogue of his Library, containing beyond 1200 nos. which form about 4000 vols. and fill up 64 pages, on account of its accuracy reſpecting either the titles, nature, merit or form of the works as well as the names of their authors. In order to underſtand the full improvement of the whole, H. Caritat begs of his friends to conſider that of the books contained in the Catalogue of the Library he formerly bought, the greateſt part he either never had, or that they were imperfect, or worn out. It is therefore by every exertion in his power, that he availed himſelf of the means this place could afford to form a good collection, having expunged of the old one with the greateſt ſeverity what could give no ſatisfaction to his ſubſcribers. He has likewiſe already provided himſelf with a ſufficient number of duplicates, ſo that at the enſuing ſeaſon the ſubſcribers in town may not ſuffer from thoſe in the country, which laſt he will endeavor to accommodate on the moſt eaſy terms ; and as now for a further rapid and ſteady improvement, he cannot entirely depend on the occaſional importation of books in this city.

H. Caritat from this period will have a direct correſpondence with London, in order firſt to get what he could not find here, and to have for the future, regularly and ſpeedily forwarded to him, every thing new that may ſuit his cuſtomers.

General Waſhington,

TO be ſeen every day, from 10 to 2, and from 3 to 5 o'clock, at the new City Tavern, in Broad Way, for one Month. This painting is as large as life ; was painted by Mr. Gilbert Stuart, an American, the greateſt painter of the age. The General is in the attitude of addreſſing Congreſs the laſt time, and does appear like life itſelf. The frame was made by Mr. Cumberland, of this city, who is entitled to great merit for its richneſs and elegance. In the ſame room, there is for ſale, the grand Concert Clock, which was lately ſhewn at the Panorama, its price is 1750 dollars. Alſo, ten full lengths original paintings, juſt arrived from France, of the following celebrated perſonages, viz. M. D. La Fayette, Robeſpierre, Petion, Rabaut St. Etunne, T. Paine, Clermont Tonnere, Mirabeau, Briſſot, Genſonne, and Camille Des Maulins, all good likeneſſes. Admittance Two Shillings.

For Publication by Subſcription,
A celebrated and much admired New Novel, entitled,
The Children of the Abbey.
A Tale---in four volumes.
BY REGINA MARIA ROCHE.
Author of the Maid of the Hamlet, and Vicar of Lanſdown.

The London edition ſold for a dollar and a quarter a volume, making five dollars for the ſet, we (provided this propoſal meets with ſufficient patronage) will print it equally well, two volumes in one, at a dollar a volume ſtitched, or a dollar and a quarter handſomely bound, making two dollars and a half for the ſet, half the price of the London edition. Each volume to be paid for on delivery.

Subſcription papers may be found at Mr. Caritats Circulating Library, 93 Pearl ſtreet, at J. Harriſſon's Book ſtore, 3 Peck ſlip, and at the principal book ſtores in this city.